

THE CENSOR.

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"I have sent the Book according to your commands ; I should have sent it, if you
" had not commanded me."—*Pliny the Younger.*

Westminster School Abuses.

School days are the happiest is an axiom which, though laid down with considerable emphasis by relations and friends, failed to render the study of the classics amusing, the hard knocks of elder boys agreeable, or the titillation of tormenting rod delightful. I was a child, and am now a man : but the prediction that what I then considered misery I should now regard as happiness remains unfulfilled : I remember that the causes of my early afflictions were trifling and evanescent, yet I do not forget I was afflicted. Sophists may argue as they will, but the heart convinces more forcibly than their words, that the pains of life commence with existence, and that its trials are severe alike to young and old. This chain of reasoning, which might be pursued much further, I must now break, and proceed to my subject.

I was placed at Westminster when my extreme youth rendered me totally defenceless against the cruelty of my seniors ; and I then thought, as I now think, that a school where so many men whose actions embellish the pages of our history have been educated, should never be suffered to degenerate into a place where the desire of knowledge is crushed rather than cherished, and the opening spirit of man broken rather than protected. That such was the case the following facts will prove ; that such may not be the case I write this statement, hoping it will meet the eyes of those who have the power and will to correct abuses when informed of their existence.

On the day of my entrance to Westminster, I was examined by the head master, and placed on one of the lower forms. I found myself a "*shadow*;" under the surveillance of the then head-boy of my form, who, under the title of my "*substance*," was to initiate me into the ways and customs of the place. This substance being responsible for the conduct of his shadow, belaboured me so constantly for every little error, that I hailed with joy the day that gave me a more lenient master. I was placed at one of the boarding-houses open for the accommodation of the scholars ; which accommodation I found far different to that I had been accustomed to receive at home. The four boys with whom I

shared my room, before retiring to rest, proposed a game at *catch*. I had scarcely given my assent, when a pewter bason was sent on a speedy journey to my head; I, however, stopped it on its way, passed it round, and discovered that the only pleasure in *catch* was the chance each boy underwent of getting a broken skull. After our dangerous sport was over, I crept into bed; and as soon as I fell asleep the operation of "*toeing*" commenced. The mode of its performance is this. A slip knot being passed over the toe of the toee, the toeor draws it tight, and continues to pull the string gently, until the toee who answers to the touch by instinctively moving his leg downwards, finds himself upon the floor, and awakes; the string is then drawn as tight as possible, the victim screams with agony, his torturers with delight, and this piece of cruelty is only terminated by the breaking of the string or the fear of detection. On the morrow I was appointed fag to an elder boy, who had the situation in his service vacant, and was quickly called upon to perform my duties; these were, to toast his bread in winter, pump on his butter in summer, brush his boots, clean his clothes, light his fire, fill his kettle, and, in fact, to do what a common lacquey would indignantly have refused to perform; for which I was only rewarded by cuffs and curses. I was compelled to obey the orders of my self-constituted master in preference to those of my real one; and often have I avoided a *stick-licking* from the one at the expence of a flogging from the other. After I had remained a fag for twelvemonths, my father coming to reside at a short distance from the school, I became what is called a home boarder. Although I was not then subject to the miseries of fagging, I found I was exposed to others of a less bearable order. The exemption of the home boarders from fagging rendered them objects of dislike to the much more powerful body of the boarders; they become the victims of a persecution that has given rise to cruelties by far too numerous to be here particularized. Often have I, in company with other sufferers, been compelled to stand as a mark for the elder boys, who were provided with hard tennis-balls, a blow from which came with almost as much violence as a stone of the same size. The slightest offence given by a home-boarder is sufficient to ensure a stick-licking, a species of punishment I have before hinted at. The boy is dragged into a senior's room, where four or five others are found furnished with sticks, that are applied with the greatest violence, until the cruelty of the assailants be satiated. It may appear astonishing that brutality such as this should remain unpunished; but the dread of renewed torture effectually seals the lips of most of those who suffer, and they who do complain seldom meet with redress. This assertion is not made unguardedly. A schoolfellow, whose friendship I now enjoy, after undergoing the discipline I have described, was kicked down the stairs of the boarding-house, and his knee-cap injured so severely, as to disable him from attending the school for six months; the note accounting for his absence stated

its cause, but the complaint was unnoticed. The Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* in his remarks preceding the criticism on the *Westminster Play*, seems to imagine the appearance of the king's scholars armed with sticks, and the violence with which they were used, matters rather unprecedented. He is mistaken. Well do I remember, six years ago, passing the line of king's scholars arranged on each side the dormitory, and receiving at the hands of every one a thump to expedite my progress. Well do I recollect the gods—oh, gods! the gods! The gods, my readers must know, is a place so called from its exalted situation; being some feet higher than any of the seats, and consisting of a beam running across the boards which form the back of the theatre. I have been compelled for two hours to stand on a piece of wood not more than three inches thick, to the imminent danger of my own neck, and the heads of my companions below; whilst at certain times, the *god-keeper*, a *dæmon* in the shape of a king's scholar, rapped my toes and my knuckles to compel me to applaud the performances. These are a very few of the specimens I could offer of the bullying system; a system tending to brutalize the kindest natures, and degrade a large portion of the rising aristocracy of the kingdom, to a nest of embryo ruffians, who endeavour to surpass each other, not in knowledge but in cruelty. I suspect that the Editors of the *Censor* are themselves old Westminsters, and therefore trust that they, knowing as they do what I have here stated to be the truth, will insert this in their pages; and that it may lead to a reformation of such abuses, is the sincere wish of

AN OLD WESTMINSTER.

Lord Arthur Paget's Funeral, and the Death of his Lordship's Charger.

A thousand plumed heads are near,
 Bending over a young Chief's grave;
 The sword display'd upon his bier,
 Was never dipt in havoc's wave—
 He had not seen his laurels grow
 Rooted in the hearts of men,
 And cherish'd by the tears of woe,
 Fading ne'er to bloom again.
 The pall is o'er his high heart spread,
 His eye of fire is shrouded,
 The looks that circle the youthful dead,
 With warrior-grief are clouded.

A figure of the aged brave,
 Two feelings struggling on his face,
 Stands silent by the new-made grave:
 Seek not his heart on his brow to trace,
 The hero and the father there
 A painful interest deeply share.
 As a warrior his deep regret looks down,
 His bosom with one pang is steel'd,
 Ere yet that arm had won renown
 To see it in death's withering frown,
 Scorch'd before one battle-field.

The volleying thunder round him peals,
 The warrior starts—the father reels—
 His eyes grow dizzy with the sight:
 Oh! he could have better borne
 To see in glory's thickest fight,
 His stripling son shot down and torn,
 And tomb'd where blades and helmets meet,
 With banners for his winding-sheet!

They have past away, that stern array—
 The young, the proud, the gay, the brave—
 With standard furl'd as in dismay;
 And silence on the young Chief's grave
 Sits sombre, as the rich display
 Of plume, and pall, and mantle-fold,
 Fades with the eve-beam's drooping gold.
 What sparkles on the young Lord's bier
 Like night's first gem?—A soldier's tear!
 The morning blooms, and with it blows
 One pale and scarcely breathing rose,
 Memorial of his pure repose.

* * * * *

Lo! the warrior's charger there,
 With crest of pride and glance of fire;
 Shall meaner rider ever dare
 Put bridle on his flashing ire,
 Since deeply sleeps his youthful lord
 'Neath sculptur'd coronet and sword?
 No! heard ye not that sound of death—
 The clang of arms—the trumpet's breath?
 Hark! thunder peals! the rushing balls
 Pierce his high front—that war-horse falls.
 Prone to the dark earth proudly bent,
 From heart and eye the fierce fire sent,
 In one red tide, bespent with foam,
 Life gushes from its ruin'd home.

J. E. D.

Hatem, the Arabian.

A TALE, BY SFORZA.

Six centuries had already testified the benefit of the Christian religion, and the commencement of a seventh was increasing the durability of its foundation, when the masked prophet from Mecca, that most illustrious of hypocrites, either by inspiring the fears, or imposing on the senses of its votaries, so checked the spreading progress of its faith, that had not the condescending Mussulman accepted the invitation of the angel Gabriel, to honour Paradise with his presence, its annihilation must ultimately have been accomplished. But for this, the devotee, whose imagination wafts him to the temples of the East, to sigh over the apostacy of St. Sophia, might now have had his ear startled by the footfall of the Islamite in the sanctuary of St. Peter; the same knee, which bends before the altar of the Virgin, might have been kneeling in worship at the shrine of Mahomet, and—oh! but for this—some of those beautiful lips which almost hallow the cross they kiss, and sanctify the prayer they utter, might have been suffering pollution from the touch of the unholy Caaba stone.*

It was in this age of deception and credulity, when the foaming torrent of infatuation let loose from the dark precipices of superstition, was dashing in all its fury over the calm vallies beneath it—vallies where the roses of religion, springing from the pure soil of content, till then had flourished in unblemished bloom; where the bright wild eye of the eastern maid, no longer vacillating with the restless flashing of quicksilver, had become so tamed by the mild influence of her faith, that it now beamed soft and chastened as her own warm country's sun, when sinking with the languid glow of twilight and decline; where the only fascination that woman displayed was—innocence! where the elegance of her speech was its simplicity, the grace of her person its modesty, and her only faults—faults! meek, gentle, and confiding creature! what are the faults of woman? One word will explain and palliate them—her nature! It was at this time then, when these vallies where she abided were being inundated with the stream of misguided fanaticism, carrying away with it the weeds, but destroying every floweret that intercepted its course, lived Hatem, the Arabian, standing like an oak, which it could not bend;—a rock which, in the midst of the current that threatened it, stood firm and fearless, calmly and contemptuously viewing the unresisting refuse which the cataracts swept by it, secure in his own stability, conscious of his own superiority.

Hatem was one of those rare beings whose nobility *was* his soul: his freedom consisted in his mind; and with the wave of

* The "black stone," in the temple of the Caaba, so celebrated among the Moslems, who pretend that it was one of the precious stones of Paradise; it was, at first, whiter than milk, but became black by the sins of mankind, or rather, by the touches and kisses of so many people. See Gibbon and D'Herbelot.

his seymetar, fortune flashed from his hand. The fiercest of the Arabian tribes, the Bedoueens, all freebooters from their birth, owned him as their seik, or chief, and his prowess heroically attested the justice of their choice. But though thus signalized by the barbarians whom he controuled, he was free from most of those degradations which generally accompany such a character; for the historian who stigmatizes him as a robber, in the same sentence pronounces him to have been considered "the perfect model of Arabian virtue." Disdaining the studied graces of society, he was nevertheless not without those external accomplishments which claim the admiration of the beholder; for the natural sublimity of his mind imparted to his deportment a loftiness of mien which no less dictated obedience, than it extracted respect. His features were by no means handsome, but their general expression was bland and interesting; and when gazing on some of the many lovely forms which fell into his power, the pensiveness of his countenance had a fascination which few could withstand. It was a frequent practice with him, whilst his ferocious associates, after pillaging a rich caravansera, were disputing the ransom or possession of some fair captive, to appear suddenly among them; and rescuing the unfortunate object of their contention, to dismiss her in safety from the desert of the Bedoueens, with such a look as has been just described;—a look which the grosser feelings of his companions would have construed into a communion with their own base thoughts: but they were mistaken; it was with the eye of a benefactor, not of a lover, far less that of a libertine, with which he gazed: and it was the solace of his sleepless nights, and the pride of his troubled days, that every female, however beautiful or lonely, who had passed through that solitary desert, had blessed the name, and confided her innocence in the honour of Hatem, the Arabian.

The family of Hatem, whose birth-place was at Mecca, had suffered greatly from the tyranny of Mahomet: all having fallen victims to his power, except himself and his cousin Zadora, whom to preserve from the prophet's grasp, he was compelled to keep with him in his predatory roving. This orphan maiden was the object of his purest regard; for he cherished her with the care of a father, esteemed her with the affection of a brother, and associated with her with the feelings of a friend. A refined euphony of passions which vulgar minds will be unable to appreciate, because they cannot understand it; even as the delicate tones of a scientific musician would be lost and unintelligible to the sensibility of a common ear. Indeed her society seemed to be the only delight he experienced; for if his comrades were unable to discover him in his absent wanderings about the desert, the tent of Zadora was never sought in vain: and many, presuming on this affectionate intimacy, were not backward in hinting that the spirit of Plato would soon witness the alienation of a proselyte.

It was during one of these social intercourses, when his lieutenant, Amrou, rushing unceremoniously into his presence, ex-

claimed with an exulting voice, "The prophet is captured!" Hatem, stung by the remembrance of his injuries, was in the act of drawing his scymetar for the purpose of wreaking instant vengeance on his enemy, when perceiving the eye of Amrou fixed intently on that of his cousin, he suddenly checked himself—his arm dropt powerless by his side—some horrid recollection seemed to come across his mind, and he fell senseless to the ground, as if struck by the hand of some invisible assailant. Zadora, terrified and astonished, threw her delicate form beside him, and with the most endearing exhortations endeavoured to call him to the life which he appeared to have lost; whilst the flinty Amrou, gazing on both with malicious inanity, stalked away like some stony spectre, careless and unconscious of the horror it had occasioned.

Mahomet in his flight to Medina, had been so harassed by the vigilance of his pursuers, that he deemed it advisable for his safety to dismiss his train, and accompanied only by his faithful companion, Caled, to continue his course through the unfrequented parts of the country, in the garb of the Arabs. Forsaking, therefore, the open plains, he struck off into the mountains which lie in a direct line between Mecca and Medina; when he was overtaken at Mount Safra, a short distance beyond the medium of his journey, by the emissaries of Amrou, who, apprized of his movements and disguise, found him an easy prey to their designs.

At length, slowly recovering from his stupor, the eye of Hatem began to gaze in consciousness around him. The first object he recognized was the form of Zadora, hanging over him tenderly and anxiously, as if at that moment her own life were depending on the preservation of his; her fond countenance bent over his pallid features, partially shaded by one of her hands, holding in it a cup of wild pomegranate juice, with which she had been moistening his lips, whilst the other lay trembling on his breast, as if doubtfully searching for the palpitation of his heart. Perceiving, by the melancholy smile with which he testified his gratitude for her attention, that he was now recovering, she with some difficulty succeeded in replacing him on the couch where they had been conversing; and raising his unresisting hand to her lips, afraid to inquire the cause of what had passed, pressed it in silence and sorrow, till an involuntary tear falling on the chilly fingers which she clasped, betrayed the sufferings of her bosom, and recalled Hatem to a full sense of her presence and of her sympathy.

Nothing touches the heart so sensibly as the *tranquillity* of distress; boisterous exclamations of grief extract but little participation in their emotions, they wound but they do not penetrate: the roaring torrent scarcely softens the earth which it strikes, but the gentle dripping of the mountain spring will in time melt the very stone it weeps over. But besides, Hatem was by nature susceptible to a fault; and when he turned and beheld his hand encompassed by Zadora's, still warm with the pure tribute of her

affection, his soul felt as if the influence of some heavenly spirit had restored it to its peace; and as he sat pondering on her pensive features in all the still intensity of delight, he seemed to have forgotten the cause of his own anguish, and to be engaged solely in the happy contemplation of the effect it had produced on the placid being whom he gazed upon. Zadora, releasing his hand, was the first to make utterance—"Hatem, at this moment you look happy; I too could be ever so, to see you thus." A pause ensued, for Hatem was too deeply wrapt in admiration, to reply to her exclamation. "But you are pale,—may Zadora ask the cause?" Again she seized his hand—"Hatem! will you not speak to *me*?" These last words were uttered in a tone of supplication that would have moved Eblis himself, but Hatem was still silent; she could articulate his name no further, and sank involuntarily upon his breast. Electric as the lightning's fluid, the blood of Hatem mounted to his cheek—his eye sparkled with unwonted brilliancy—he pressed her nearer to his bosom, and exclaiming "Zadora!" with a pathos that intimated that his whole feelings were embodied in the pronunciation of that single word, betrayed a secret which till then he himself was unconscious of ever having possessed. Influenced by the moment, he was about to give utterance to his feelings, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Amrou. "Villain!"—cried Hatem—"I come," coolly interrupted his lieutenant, "to claim my promised reward." "I know it," hastily rejoined Hatem, "but dare again to force yourself thus abruptly into the abode of Zadora, and you shall claim even the fulfilment of *my* promise in vain. Begone!"

The intrusion of Amrou had such an effect on the feelings both of Hatem and Zadora, that they were unable, after his departure, to resume the tranquillity which his presence had dispelled. Surmises, as tormenting as various, arose in the mind of Zadora, when she called to her remembrance the seemingly lifeless form of Hatem stretched on the ground, and the gaunt figure of Amrou stealing away without offering to lend any assistance to revive him, this was of itself sufficient to render him an object of odium to her; but why Hatem should so abhor him she could not comprehend, and she was still further at a loss to conceive what emotion could have so suddenly deprived him of his sense on the communication of Mahomet's capture. She was revolving in her mind whether she should press Hatem to an explanation, when she was aroused from her conjecture by the sudden tone of his voice—"Zadora, take the secret of my soul—I love you; but if Amrou is preferred to Hatem, be it so." With these words he rushed hastily from her presence, leaving her in a state of perplexity still more agonizing than before. Her first impulse was to follow him, and endeavour to wring from him the secret of his meaning; but for the first time an involuntary shudder restrained her from quitting her tent; the idea of Amrou recurred to her, she recollected the sarcastic scrutiny with which he had regarded her of late, and it was with a shudder of horror she admitted the pos-

sibility of meeting him walking round her habitation, were she to venture out in search of Hatem. These considerations determined her to stay; desiring, therefore, her attendant to give the signal for the usual nightly guard to surround her tent, she returned to her couch, and endeavoured to amuse her thoughts by the perusal of the poetical manuscripts with which Hatem was in the habit of supplying her. There was a melancholy tenderness diffused over the whole of the compositions which bore a great affinity to his real disposition; that gloomy but affectionate heart which she had so often strived to cheer, was perceptible in every line of his muse—the voice of the benefactor and the tone of the misanthrope were blended in the same passage,—the smile of enthusiasm was succeeded by the sigh of dejection,—the dark hue of reality was illumed by the brilliant visions of imagination,—and again, the radiance of hope became tinged with the shadow of despair. Here appeared the resignation of the fatalist, there the sublimity of the philosopher; occasionally the experience of age, every where the fervency of youth. “Hatem, dear Hatem,” exclaimed Zadora, as she placed his verses in her bosom, “thine is a warm and noble heart; but why, oh! why, will you give way to these gloomy visions; you, too, who can impart such cheering feelings to others? Well, well, he loves me, and I may make him happy yet.” With these reflections she lay down on her pillow, and was enabled to rest more tranquilly than hitherto; for she was not all the happy thing she seemed—alas, who is! Every human breast has its secret, some particular feeling which too deeply imprinted never quits the memory; whether it be the actual sorrow which corrodes, or the ideal fancy that, still unrealized, beguiles, its influence is the same, each stands alone—the *one* exclusive fascination, which, amid every or any scene, we cannot fly from: a dye which no liquid can wash out,—a voice which no tempest can still,—a weed which no effort can eradicate; in fine, if so humble an illustration may be applied, it may be compared to a crease on paper,—fold it, stretch it, moisten it, press it—all is vain—the crease is there for ever! (*To be concluded in our next.*)

Love.

O, there's a holy flame,
That burns within the soul!
A passion, free from blame,
That no one can controul!

Divine from Heav'n it brought
A branch of peace, to gain
Man's favour; and then sought
Their anger to restrain.

A spirit of the skies,
Pure as in realms above,
It never—never dies!
And men have called it—*Love!*

Θητα.

The Ghost of Athlone.

A TRUE STORY.

The evening that closed on the market-day at Athlone, brought a traveller to the principal inn, which he found filled with company, and unable to accommodate him for the night. Having been accustomed to take up his quarters at the place, he expressed his regret at being prevented from doing so on the present occasion, and was about to depart, when a stout good-natured looking man declared his willingness to share with the stranger the bed he had bespoken. The offer was accepted; and the traveller and farmer, after making an excellent supper, proceeded together to their chamber. It was a large and dreary looking apartment, the taper not yielding sufficient light to penetrate the gloom in which the further end of the room was shrouded; this circumstance was, however, unnoticed by the new-formed friends, who were soon in bed, and almost as soon in a profound sleep. About midnight the traveller awoke, and, fancying that he heard a noise, quitted the chamber, the door of which he left ajar to distinguish it from others. Finding that he was mistaken, the stranger was soon on his return to the room; after passing his hand across many doors in the long corridor, one at length yielded to his touch, and, shivering with cold, he sprang into the bed, but was chagrined to find the middle occupied by his companion, and that it did not yield the delightful warmth he anticipated. Finding himself in imminent danger of sliding to the floor, he begged his bedfellow to give him room; but receiving no answer, from words he proceeded to elbowings, pushings, &c. all of which were unavailable. Rendered at length desperate, he resolved to move his unaccommodating partner by main force; when, on placing his arm around him, an icy chillness struck to his heart, and he discovered, from the rigidity and coldness of his limbs, that the stream of life had ceased to flow in the body beside him. Horror-struck at the discovery, he was sitting upright in the bed, meditating on the course he should pursue, when a number of men, one bearing a coffin, entered the room; no sooner, however, did they perceive the figure of the traveller, than the coffin was thrown down, and the whole party took to their heels, followed by the stranger. The expedition used was so great, that the person bearing the light tripped over one of his companions, fell down the stairs, and left the whole party in darkness. The traveller dashed past the coffin-bearer and assistants, and rushed into a large room, which, by the faint light of an expiring fire, he discovered to be the kitchen. He had not long remained in the place before he heard the steps of persons approaching. His bewildered imagination induced him to suppose he was followed by a party of robbers and murderers, to avoid whom he secreted himself in the capacious chimney. Several Irishmen soon entered the kitchen, when, after a short silence, one of the party ejaculated, "Och, and by Saint

Patrick, I won't lose the job of burying the gentleman becaz his ugly baste of a ghost scared me away with the coffin. Faith, I'll light a bit of a candle, go back to the room, and lay the dead man in his black box iligantly." "Hould your tongue, you indacent teef," cried another, "and dont spake ill of as nate a ghost as ever was seen; sure I am, he's in the kitchen somewhere, but I hope his honour will use me civilly, as civilly it is I spake of him." "By my soul, and you're a bit of a coward," cried the ex-coffin-bearer, "but I'll light the dab of a candle that's stuck in the top of my hat, or my name's not Terence O'Scrub." Away went Terence O'Scrub, puffing and blowing at the embers, when, casting his eyes upwards he beheld above him the indistinct figure of the traveller. "I'm a dead man as sure as I'm alive," cried Terence, and fell flat on his back. This notification again dispersed the undertaker's assistants, who were met on the stairs by the farmer, who, aroused by the disturbance in the house, had missed his bedfellow, and was enquiring where he had strayed to. An eclclaircissement soon followed, it appearing that the traveller, mistaking the chamber, had sallied into an apartment, where a person who had died in the house, had been placed previous to his interment, and that those who had been so alarmed and alarming, were the undertakers employed to remove the corpse. After this discovery, the traveller and farmer returned to their bed-chamber, and passed the remainder of the night in peace. **Zamiel.**

Elegy to the Memory of Harry Kay,

(*Brother to Miss Emily Kay of Ewell, and Nephew to Miss Ellen Gee of Kew*) *who died suddenly through a violent cold, and swallowing scalding gruel.*

O! REK, (2 MLEK of UL,
A brother, NFU 2 LNG of Q)
Burnt his poor mouth by drinking 2 hot gruel—
(’Twas scalding ET) it 2 an abscess grew.

At Eling school was edUKted K;
And ev’ery Sunday to his aunt’s at Q,
He went 2 spend the afternoon in play.
As U or I and MNE others do.

R! foolish youth, Y with UR shoes in holes,
Did U repose upon the DUE fields?
Though soles love water were UR’S fishy soles—
R! sure U knew that mud is best for heels!

Could U not die, O! and B buried 2,
Without A cough 2 send U 2 UR coffin?
On earth U far’d well—Y, then, bid adieu,
And B Ngrav’d, when, O! U should B laughing?

O! hapless 3, who now R in DK,
 Mouldering in earth, it did'nt want UR dust—
 Aunt LNG, or NFU REK;
 But since UR dead, Y we will let U rest.

O! LNG lov'd her NFU well,
 Though in her LEG it is not named,
 And on his beauty she would often dwell—
 I think the author surely should B blam'd.

For REK died B4 LNG
 Of Q, or even MLEK of UL;
 His sister burnt, his aunt stung by A B,
 And E Mself died drinking scalding gruel.

R! ne'er again shall I gaze on those IS
 As I have done, when I at Q have CN
 Sweet LNG and pretty K mince-pies
 At Christmas put upon your plate I ween.

O! 2 LSEM, I hope UR gone;
 So fair A youth, and 1 so good on earth,
 Should not B given to the *wick*-ed 1,
 It would be making 2 *light* of UR worth.

This LEG on REK was made
 His MORE in death 2 celebrate;
 O, had E on the DUE grass ne'er laid,
 E had not died on gruel—but still liv'd on, *meet*.

B not CVR (ye CT poets great)
 Upon this LEG on REK?
 But BN dead, Y I do mourn his fate,
 In mournful measure on his sad DK!

F. C. N.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CENSOR.

I was amused and grieved by the perusal of a paper attacking an essay from my pen, on Faith in Apparitions. I smiled at the misconceptions of the *Common Sense* writer; I sighed when I reflected I had written that which had been the means of introducing to the pages of the Censor the production of such an author as H. H. I benevolently notice his brilliant effusion, not to controvert his arguments, as he uses none, but to point out to him his want of comprehension, and the misconceptions into which he has consequently fallen. He first enquires, apparently with much glee, for the criterion or test by which he is to ascertain when superstition is the basis of belief in apparitions, and when it may be placed on a more solid foundation. He might as well ask for the criterion by which we are to judge when a man is wise or foolish. In his affection for *criteria*, he has given with his essay one of his own talent, decisive certainly, but quite unsolicited. He goes on to ask, what

the truth of the assertion that faith in a future state prevents the world from becoming a scene of universal crime has to do with the subject. Should H. H. be of opinion that he can read two passages without forgetting the former, let him peruse what follows my assertion, and he will perceive the affinity it bears to my proposition. The obscurity in which H. H. declares my meaning enveloped, regarding our forgetting after death those we know in life, requires but little penetration to dispel; this, however, my opponent not possessing I must render him assistance. Know then, H. H., that I believe the ties of affection will not be broken by death, and that those friends who are now separated by the tomb, will meet hereafter to part no more. In leaving unanswered the question, whether we may not believe that the form of a departed being, to accomplish some wish connected with those it loves, would be permitted to appear on earth? I did not, I must confess, imagine that H. H. would have "*answered my enquiry*," by a disquisition on eclipses, meteors, comets, the Emperor Constantine, and a quantity of other totally heterogeneous matter. His mode of accounting for the Dover Castle spectre is amazingly amusing, he insists on the colonel being weak, unthinking, and superstitious, although it is stated he was just the reverse, and asks, "*what can be more natural than that something, with which we are unacquainted should so renovate past sensations, that he actually believed*," &c. Oh, most compendious reasoner, nothing can strengthen or weaken your arguments: therefore, pass on with this piece of friendly advice, never more render yourself conspicuous by committing your thoughts to paper.

T. T. B.

Dramatic Censor.

DRURY LANE.

A new drama, in two acts, called Charles the XIIth, or the siege of Stralsund, has been produced at this theatre with considerable success. It is an interesting and an amusing piece, and all the principal characters are in the hands of good performers. Farren, as Charles the XIIth, acts with judgment, and gives an entertaining picture of the cool resolution of the Swedish monarch; Harley and Liston have each of them a part, though that of the latter is scarcely broad and farcical enough for the display of his peculiar abilities. Cooper, as Vanberg, a banished major, who has illegally returned to his country, or, in other words, a gentleman come home from transportation before his time, walks about with great gravity during act one, till he gets an unlucky cut in the eye, which obliges him to wear a black patch to the conclusion of the drama. However, as the aforesaid cut was intended for Charles the XIIth, his majesty most graciously considers that he cannot do less than bestow a *court-plaister* on the unfortunate major: and not only pardons him for returning to Sweden, but also elevates him to the

rank of general. The female characters are sustained with great ability by Miss E. Tree and Miss Love, the latter of whom introduces a song, which is generally honoured with an encore. On the whole, this drama well deserves the reception it has met with, and it will doubtless become popular.

Our readers have probably been surprised that we have not noticed Miss Phillips's performance of the parts of Mrs. Haller and Mrs. Beverley. Our silence has arisen from the conviction, that the public will of themselves soon see her incapacity for sustaining these characters. She has, however, appeared as Juliet, and in this assumption she certainly deserves our attention. In the two first acts of the tragedy, where only tenderness is to be expressed, she was eminently successful; but in the third, where the nurse informs her of the death of Tybalt and Romeo's banishment, she was noisy without being energetic: however, the beautiful manner in which she went through the whole of the first and second acts, particularly the balcony scene, would alone be sufficient to compensate for the blemishes in the rest of her performance. On Monday last, Mr. Kean, jun., made his first appearance this season, as Romeo. His imitation of his father was apparent in every word and every action. In one or two instances, however, he evinced considerable talent; in the scene where he slays Tybalt his acting was exceedingly energetic, and was deservedly applauded. At the conclusion of the tragedy, an absurd call was made for his appearance, and till it had been complied with, the afterpiece was not suffered to proceed.

COVENT GARDEN.

A five-act drama, called *Woman's Love, or the Triumph of Patience*, was performed at this theatre for the first time on Wednesday, the 17th of December.

The *story* of the piece may be told in less than three lines.

A duke, to try his wife's patience, pretends in Act I., to have obtained the pope's consent for a divorce, and, finding she bears it with fortitude, in the fifth informs her of the deception.

Such is the *plot* which is spun out through five long acts, with neither wit to enliven them, or interest to keep the attention of the audience. There is in one scene an allusion to our blood-thirsty law of hanging for forgery; followed up in the next by a clap-trap about *English independence*, delivered with blind and blackguard enthusiasm by Mr. Baker. C. Kemble sustained the principal character in a very able and, as far as the author had given him scope, in a very effective manner. Warde performed a gentleman who blusters considerably about the indignities offered to his sister, but by no means *does* anything to avenge her. He also informs the audience that "He could believe he stood upon his head," and indulges in sundry other remarks of unparelled absurdity. Mr. Blanchard was included in the cast on the first night of the representation of the piece, but on the second his part was entirely omitted. Miss Jarman, as the patient wife, did more for the author than the author had done for her, and that is saying very

little. The audience heard the drama very quietly to the conclusion, and suffered it to be announced for repetition.

A notice of Kean's performance of *Virginus* is unavoidably deferred to our next number.

Miss Paton is shortly to appear. We trust the managers do not intend to insult her by compelling her to sing with such vile vocalists as Wood and Bianchi Taylor. Why (we ask again) is not Sapio engaged?

SURREY THEATRE.

Mr. W. G. Elliston took his benefit on Monday week last, on which occasion he made his first appearance on any stage in the character of Robin, in the musical entertainment of *No Song No Supper*. His performance of the part was decidedly successful throughout, and he introduced a hornpipe which he executed so ably, that its repetition was unanimously called for by the audience. We were glad to find that the house was crowded.

Our old favourite Elliston re-appeared on Saturday last, as Sheva, in Cumberland's comedy of the Jew. His acting was chaste and finished; his scene with Sir Stephen Bertram in the fourth act was admirably performed; and in the fifth, where he joins the hands of Charles Ratcliffe and Frederick, his burst of satisfaction was beautifully true to nature. His reception by the audience was enthusiastic; and, indeed, we should have been surprised had it been otherwise, for he is not only undoubtedly the best general actor on the English stage, but in one line of the drama he is far—very far above competition. Our readers will be glad to know that he retains all his powers; and we sincerely hope that he will long continue to delight us in the profession of which he is one of the brightest ornaments. In the course of the evening he delivered an address of thanks for the patronage of the season, and concluded by observing, that he intended going through the whole round of those characters in which he has enjoyed so much of the public approbation. Every lover of sterling and legitimate acting cannot but feel interested in this announcement.

On looking back on the past season, it becomes our pleasing duty to award to Mr. Elliston our highest praise for the ability and liberality with which he has conducted the theatre; and the firm manner in which he has refrained from adopting the system of issuing shilling orders: a plan, the success of which cannot long endure; for what respectable person will visit an establishment where he incurs the risk of having a pickpocket, or (what in our opinion is still more dreadful) a coal-heaver for his neighbour? It may be very well for the common newspaper reporters to attend such places as the Coburg, Sadler's Wells, and Olympic; but we have found ourselves unable, even by an offer of the most extravagant salaries, to prevail on men of first-rate talent and high standing to perform so degrading an office, and it is to such men only that the critical department of our work is or ever will be entrusted.

But to return to the Surrey, Mr. Elliston has within the last six months produced three operas, not one of which had previously been performed at any other theatre in England, and has brought out several new pieces, nearly all of which have been eminently successful. The company engaged has been talented without precedent; and he has introduced to the public some juvenile performers, who, from the astonishing ability they possess, and from their early initiation into the technicalities of the stage, will doubtless speedily arrive at eminence in their profession. We will conclude this notice, by wishing Mr. Elliston all the success he deserves, and which his exertions must eventually obtain.

KING'S THEATRE.

The following arrangements have been entered into for the ballet department for the ensuing season. Pauline is to lead at a salary of 500*l.* and a girl named Paun, of whose talents report does not speak very favourably, is to have 240*l.* and find her own dresses; an engagement has also been entered into with a demoiselle from Italy, of whom we know nothing further than that she is *under the patronage* of a certain noble lord—"a point," says our informant, "of no mean importance in the eyes of the manager." Eliza Vat Moulin, who, our readers will remember, was some seasons ago at the Opera House, will reappear after Easter; and Gosselin and Coulon are to be the principal male dancers.

Much cannot of course be expected from the above mentioned individuals; but we understand the manager is about to make a very desirable addition to this part of his company, by the engagement of Mademoiselle Louise, one of the favourites of last season, who, from her extreme youth, (she being not yet eighteen) and the surprising talent she has already displayed, gives promise of speedy perfection. Amongst other astonishing proofs of her early ability is the following, which we have selected because we believe it is not generally known. Madame Le Comte being indisposed, and unable to sustain her part in a *pas de deux* with M. Dumont, Mademoiselle Louise was called upon to undertake it at a few hours notice. She studied it in the morning, and at night rehearsed it in the green-room, and on the music being called on, she found it to be totally different from that she had been given to understand would be played. Rather, however, than that the ballet should be affected by this circumstance, she went upon the stage, and actually invented a dance suitable to the music as it proceeded. Had not her science been considerable, this could never have been effected; and we have been informed by those who have been many years connected with the Opera House, that such an extraordinary achievement is without parallel.

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